

A B C —

We hear so much about victims over the radio and
just what to give the kids three times a day —
1) stick my neck out.

Give the little crabs a pork chop, well-battered on
both sides — and a glass of cows' milk for a chaser.
The little angels are hungry — skip the jam — don't
expose your hands — grow up yourself first.

Major labor unions are at war with each other and
unemployed are both locked-out and carrying the
banner for the brothers. In labor circles the Boss
is the forgotten man and he isn't climbing the house-
tops or pounding his chest.

Such a condition in the labor world makes for
special privileges in varying degrees throughout
the working class; a form of self-appraisal, condemna-
tion of fellow workers to everlasting idleness and
separation from all contact with decent livelihood —
a service they perform for the boss.

Was there ever such a row of donkeys?
They can't organize a one big union and decide these
questions in a single body by a vote of thanks?
Oh no, they are such superior beings they must
have separate unions and keep the war in the ranks
of the workers, brother against brother.

There they stand on pins and needles ready to climb
on the boss' bandwagon.

Does that mean anything to you; it does to me.

Europe has it today.

Spain came to grief because her workers were di-
vided into several factions; two major.

Scandinavia had her workers split up as between
social-democrats, syndicalists and national / jealous-
ies (Map of the partition is dead give-away).